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Selected Compositions

IRVING L. MCDOWELL

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Book A. 3

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Mr. Dowell  
Memories



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BY

ELLA MCD. BROCKMAN



*EDWIN L. McDOWELL*









Prof. Ed. L. McDowell, actor, poet and teacher, was born in St. Louis in 1847. He was educated in the public schools of St. Louis. Later on the lure of the footlights claimed him, and he was for some time in the company of Mary Anderson, under the management of the late John W. Norton of this city; but for his mother's sake he retired from the stage.

The St. Louis School of Elocution and Dramatic Art was founded by Professor McDowell in 1881. Under his able tutelage, many St. Louisans who are now orators and exponents of the drama, were started on successful careers.

Prof. McDowell was best known throughout the United States by "Zingarella, the Wild Gipsy Flower Girl of Spain," "The Prince Vagabond," "The Crushed Tragedian," and "Little Tim Tummer."

He died 1908, leaving behind him a host of friends and pupils inconsolable over the loss of their dearly loved friend and teacher.

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### FOUND ON THE DOOR OF PROFESSOR McDOWELL'S STUDIO.

St. Louis, Nov. 10, 1908.

Owing to illness, I shall be compelled to remain at home for possibly one week or more.

Providence permitting an early and practical recovery, I will immediately notify all of my pupils. In the meantime let the good work go on—"Men may come and men may go, but good elocution goes on forever."

"Get thy spindle and distaff ready, and God will send the flax."

ED. L. McDOWELL.



**MY DEAR OLD DESK.**

My dear old desk, the hour has come  
When we must part; my lips are dumb,  
Nor can my fingers write or spell  
The feelings of my heart, or tell  
The sensings of my soul and mind  
At thought of leaving thee behind.  
Here, on thy old breast, have I leaned  
For many a year; here, threshed and gleaned  
The harvestings of my heart and brain  
For fruitage, threshed, and threshed in vain:  
Here lain my weary head  
And shed hot tears:

Hoped against hope; and felt the fears  
Of those who struggle to express  
The language of the soul: and dress  
The heart caught thought in words as clear  
As crystal, that the world might see  
And understand the mystery  
Of eloquence and poesy;  
And search with me for the magic key  
Of brotherhood and humanity,  
And the up-to-date clews of the graces three—  
Life, Love, and Immortality. . . .

Good-bye, old friend, and may'st thou lend  
Thy worm-gnawed breast to those who bend  
Their heads above thee—that same cheer  
Thou hast given to me this many a year.  
But, should, alas, thy age condemn  
Thy usefulness for modern men—  
Oh, then I hope some one shall find  
Thy good old wood the finest kind  
Of seasoned walnut, from which to make  
A keepsake-box for memory's sake—  
Or heirloom gavel with an ebony shine—  
A souvenir of auld lang syne—  
On which I may oft-times look and see  
The face of the man who first loved thee.

✓ ED. L. McDOWELL,

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DEC 31 1915

no. 1.

For my highly esteemed and very good friend  
Judge Wm. T. Pollard, St. Louis, Mo.

### LAFAYETTE, THE SOLDIER VOLUNTEER.

As I listened to the music  
Of the grand old Marseillaise  
I bethought me of a Frenchman,  
Whom true Americans love to praise—  
A scholar and a soldier,  
Whom our nation will ne'er forget—  
That noble volunteer from France:  
The immortal Lafayette.

I thought of his noble espousal  
Of our cause in freedom's name,  
And of how through storm and disaster  
At his own expense he came;  
Now, at Georgetown, with banners flying,  
He unsheathed his sword, to be  
Used in the cause of fighting  
For American liberty.

I thought of the young Major General  
At the battle of Brandywine—  
Of how he was beloved by Washington  
And the whole Continental line;  
How at Mohawk Valley, Albany, Monmouth,  
Valley Forge and Barren Hill  
He held his own against the foe  
With superhuman skill.

And again as I listened to the strains  
Of the inspiring Marseillaise,  
I thought of the blood fraught hours  
Of those French Revolution days,  
When for Liberty and Justice  
France her soul had firmly set,  
And when the foremost patriot of them all  
Was the noble Lafayette.

Lafayette who, while the flames were eating  
The walls of the old Bastille,  
Stood pleading for popular rights for France  
With more than Spartan zeal—  
Lafayette, at whose suggestion  
The tri-color was first unfurled  
As an emblem, "destined," as he said,  
"To tour the whole round world."

"What," exclaimed the Count De Artois  
(Afterwards known as King Charles X),  
"All the states general do you demand?"  
"Yes," cried Lafayette, "yes, we do—and then  
Something better far than that—a free land."  
And, lo, the states general soon became  
The constitutional assembly of France—  
At work in freedom's name.

And now wherever the stars and stripes  
Float happily, you may descry  
The tri-colors harmoniously blending  
On the fourteenth of each July.  
For the sons and daughters of America  
And of France must truly feel  
A bond of fraternity thro' Lafayette  
And the fall of the dread Bastille;

And as long as the Marseillaise strains entrance,  
No American will forget  
The soldier volunteer from France—  
Tre immortal Lafayette.

ED. L. McDOWELL,  
St. Louis, July, 1908.

**DOLORES ALONE.**

An Acting Monologue for a Woman by  
EDWIN L. McDOWELL.

**Prologue.**

In a vale hemmed round by mountains high,  
Far down in Spain, my friends and I  
Felt in with a gypsy tribe and heard  
The fair Dolores Alone speak and act each word  
Of her romantic story.  
Beautiful she was, and airy;  
Still young, and graceful as a fairy;  
And while she danced or fortunes told  
And bewitched us of our hearts and gold,  
Anon her tribe would circles form  
Around the monster camp fires, and circling, storm  
The night with torches bright,  
Weaving strange wheels of dazzling light  
And fling them on high, and weirdly sing:

Somewhere, somehow, Fate rules the date  
On which each soul shall meet its mate;  
And when they meet, one look shall seal  
Two souls in one for Woe for Weal.

Enter Dolores Alone.

Ho, Americano ladies, sweet and fair; ho, Americano señors,  
Brave and strong; come, let me tell your fortunes truly.  
Ah, Señor, you belong to Fortune's happy moods. Let me  
See your hand, fair Ingles maiden; ah, with Fortune's woes  
Your hands are laden. Nay, do not despair, see, these lines  
Grow strong near Jupiter, and share with Mars and  
Venus tributes rare, and victory over Fate at last. You next,  
Sweet lady. Ah, here is cast the imprints of a fate like  
Mine! No! No! No!—Oh joy divine! here is the sign of  
Triumph ere you die. Yet, have a care, and beware the man  
With the evil eye! Why? What is my name, and who am I?  
My name is Dolores Alone, once the proud gypsy queen of the  
Tribe of Catalonia; now but a rolling stone, rolling along and  
gathering

Moss by telling fortunes, and sharing the toss of the gold with  
this

Strange old gypsy tribe. I'm a street singer, flower girl, good  
Teacher of fencing, slack wire performer, or fancy dancing; and  
forsooth

At fortune telling I tell the truth—as near as such truth may  
be told—

By signs and lines, for so much gold.

How came I here? And would you really know?

Yes? Then come with me—in fancy come with me,  
And you shall see, and witness be, how Fate designed

My birth on earth, and assigned my heart and mind

To feel and know pain, joy and woe.

Listen. Ere I had ten years been born, by bloody war I was  
shorn

Of parents, and left to die in the wilds of Spain—and dying was  
When the Prince Don Juan of Aragon, while hunting the foe-  
man,

Found me and placed me upon his shoulders strong, and carried  
Me happily along into a gypsy camp, where, amid the flare  
Of torch and fire, and trumpet's blare, they christened me  
Dolores Alone, and vowed to share with me their keep and care  
Till I to womanhood had grown, when I their gypsy queen  
should be—

This compact made they with Don Juan. He stooped and  
kissed

Me, then rode on, and I again was left alone.

Alone! Alas, who can atone

The fate of souls by Fortune thrown

Upon this cold world like a stone

From some fierce planet, hot and dry,

And yet endowed with life, like I!—

Yea, to grow only for Fate's hard hand to know;

To live, believing in Fate; nor show

One trait of childhood born of those

Whom God and Christ and Heaven know?

Yea, so rode the good Don Juan away. Yet he bade our chief  
say

Unto me that he would ever remember and be a real God-father

Unto me. And that on my coronation day

His son, Cammillo, should come and pay due homage to the



Gypsy Queen—presents of jewels rare, and precious stones  
For the gypsy foundling, Dolores Alone.  
Then Jackaldo came—Jackaldo, the Magician,  
Whose fame as sorcerer and physician, artist and musician,  
Warrior and seer, all Spain did cheer.  
Yet, we often cheer those whom we most fear,  
And so cheered I Jackaldo.  
Jackaldo, whose evil eyes on me had cast  
Their baleful glare, and on me passed  
Judgment to be his bride at last.

Just Heaven, why may we ever see  
Thy laws defied and set aside,  
And Nature's own true course denied  
By creatures here whose subtle skill  
Betray us strong against our will?

Oh, how may I ever tell the spell that demon, Jackaldo,  
wrought upon my  
Brain! Yet, his power was vain to ever gain the respect of my  
Heart, or effect in part the purity of my soul. Yet he could roll  
His mystical eyes and throw the subtle glance that would my  
Body and mind entrance; and trace strange symbols  
O'er my face; and place my mind in harmony with his; and bind  
My every energy with the captivity of death.

Somewhere, somehow, Fate rules the date  
On which each soul shall meet its mate;  
And when they meet, one look shall seal  
Two souls in one for Woe or Weal.

Then Cammillo came, and my heart was aflame.  
Cammillo, the son of brave Don Juan. Oh, he was a man  
To look upon. I looked, and my heart, indeed, was gone.  
Yea, from that look, in my heart was born an ecstasy  
Which did my sense sway, as when rich, ripe flowers  
Do rain their showers of perfume o'er us suddenly.  
He taught me the way good Christians pray—and slay;  
And how good brothers pray—and slay each other with gun  
and sword.

But most, my adored loved to teach me to fence—  
The salute, prime and parry, side-step, lunge, and to carry  
The sword to the marrow.

And I taught him the guitar and the Spanish Bolero.  
So, sun, moon and stars, life, love and flowers  
Shone and existed for us; and the hours and the flowers  
Did glide, fade and bloom, and the doom of Fate  
Seemed changed for me.

---

Then came my coronation day, when as gypsy queen and in  
Bridal array, I stood to be crowned and wed that day. Yea,  
Cammillo had wooed me honorably, and we had vowed to seal  
Our lives as one for Woe and Weal on my glad  
Coronation day. Alas the day!

Then Jackaldo stood to crown me and to chant the litany  
Of our race, when secretly o'er my face he passed his hands  
And hissed in my ear his subtle commands:

“Sleep thou, as if in death, nor show of breath  
Be found in thee until the spoken word  
‘Awake!’ from my own lips be heard.”

Then his serpent eyes shot a serpent surprise into my brain  
And stilled my voice and body, and as one slain by hand  
Of God, by sudden death, I fell; nor would the mirror  
Show that breath or trace of life remained. Yet still, life  
Reigned in me and I could hear and see each  
Act and word; and so I heard my funeral rites  
Proclaimed; while poor Cammillo, stunned and maimed  
In heart and mind, staggered and groped as one struck blind.  
That night the blaze of burial lamps and gypsy torch  
And moonlight rays shed o'er my bier their mingled light;  
The while I fought with might and prayer to smile or laugh  
Or cry or yell, or tear my hair, or ope my eyes—  
Vain task! The mask—the death mask—was complete;  
The stern conceit of death was on my face,  
And I could see a living grave awaiting me.  
Then they buried me in a cave, and gave  
Cammillo charge concerning me.  
There, in a crypt of the cave, uncoffined I lay  
In the pride of my girlhood, in queenly array.  
There, Cammillo, my affianced, sacredly wound his arms  
Around my neck and cried: “Oh, Dolores, my Dolores, my  
gypsy bride,  
Come back to me now, come back to me, dear, and I will for-  
swear

The sword and the spear, rank, title, wealth, fame—all, to be  
near  
Thee and defend thee with my name."

Oh, if we might only know how near,  
At times, we are to finding our own dear  
Hopes and prayers fulfilled;  
Then we might easily sight the light  
Which always follows the darkest night,  
And all our doubts and fears be stilled.

Then from his bosom he did unfold a diamond cross  
On chain of gold, which, oft he had told me, to save  
His soul from evil, his dear mother gave, and to exorcise the  
spell

Of pagan witch or infidel. This he placed upon my breast;  
Then drew his sword and closely pressed it along my side,  
And cried:

"Dolores Alone, betrothed of Cammillo of Aragon,  
Here on thy bosom this cross shall rest;  
Here by thy side my sword shall rest;  
Here may I stay while life holds on;  
Here may I die, and father Don Juan  
Our bones commingled find, and burn  
To ashes in one sacred urn."

Then threw himself full length upon the ground bereft of  
strength

And prayed and wept.

Noiselessly as a mole from an underground hole,  
Jackaldo crept and leap'd upon Cammillo; bound him fast;  
And the long, loose end cast over strong, long projecting arms  
Of rock; and while knotting the noose in which to lock my  
Lover's neck and rack his bones, Jackaldo sang in mocking  
tones:

"Ho, ho, Cammillo, soon you shall rise up high in air; and  
Yonder sleeping beauty there, shall ope her eyes to see her  
Groom flying toward heaven with a rope for a plume.  
Yea, ho, ho, ho, ho, before you die you shall see the trick  
We played upon you good and slick. Ha! ha! ha! ha!  
Yea, you shall see her shake death's counterfeit and for  
Me awake, arise and shine—yea, awaken mine!"

There, ere he had thought, Jackaldo had spoken the word  
"Awake," and broken the magnetic tie which he had wrought  
By wizard voice and evil eye.  
Yea, swift as lightning cuts asunder the clouds and  
Awakens the thunder, that word "Awake" flashed and crashed  
Into my hypnotized soul, and from me, swiftly the control  
Of Jackaldo fled, like the soul from a body really dead—  
Yea, by power Divine, my soul did shine sanely through mine  
Eyes again. Yea, by power Divine, I arose, and with the cross  
And good sword, and in the name of the Lord, I stood to ex-  
pose,

Confound and astound Jackaldo.

"Jackaldo," I cried, "in your soul you have lied!

Here I stand to deny your will or the command

Of your evil eye. Here I defy you hand to hand."

Clash, clang, the echoes rang.

Clash, clang, and around where Cammillo lay bound;

Clash, clang, lunge and parry, each fighting to carry death

Certain and sure, past all hypnotist's cure;

Clash, clang, while he smiled and vainly beguiled my

Eyes to the spot where Cammillo lay bound;

Clash, clang—then he glared and vowed he had spared

Me his skill, but yield I must soon, or he would kill;

Clash, clang, and the sounds of baying hounds broke on

My ears, from the mouth of the cave.

Clash, clang, and a billowy wave of streaming light

Made our pale torches dull and put to flight my fear.

Clash, clang, and now more near—yea, like a voice from

Out the sky, a voice cried: "Jackaldo, thou servant

Of serpents and lies, lay by thy sword, foul fiend,

Or die!"

And lo! along the grim barrel of a rifle there shone

The eyes and the features of brave Don Juan.

Then Jackaldo threw his sword to the ground—

And bound in chains, he swiftly passed

Out of the cave and my life, at last.

Then quickly Don Juan his son unbound and wound

His arms around our necks, and said:

"I am not loathe to find that you, Dolores and Cammillo,

My son, are of one mind;

And ere the sun shall journey round the earth

Another year, lo, here again we shall appear

And come for thee; for thee and Cammillo shall truly be  
In marriage joined. Yea, thy marriage rights, indeed, shall be  
Proclaimed by me with wedding bells and revelry, rejoicing  
And festivity."

Then good Don Juan and Cammillo, his son,  
Stooped and kissed me, and rode on,  
And I again was left alone—  
Queen of my tribe with an absent lover—  
Nor could I present joys discover, or condone  
The sense of being quite alone.

And yet, I was happy, too; and knew that I was free  
From Jackaldo's evil eye—surely that was joy for me; '   
Surely, God and His angels guided me then, for, when  
Jackaldo flashed his sword and crashed his blade on mine  
The story of Joan of Arc and the glory of her deeds did shine  
Before mine eyes; and Joan's warrior charms did  
Nerve my arms and fire my brains to fight as  
She fought to maintain her soul's true aims—  
Yea, to die as she died, in flames at the stake,  
Than live to be hypnotized by a snake.

Somewhere, somehow, Fate rules the date  
On which each soul shall meet its mate;  
And when they meet, one look shall seal  
Two souls for one for Woe or Weal.

Alas, or ere the sun had lit the moon ten full bright  
Journeys 'round,  
One night, the sound of wedding bells were heard,  
And the swells of bridal music rolling along the castle  
Walls of good Don Juan, whose fickle, false and only son,  
Cammillo, had wooed and won the Princess Bonita for his bride.  
And yet I lived, and have not died! Ah, those marriage bells  
Were funeral knells; and they did roll the spell of death  
Upon my soul. Yea, on my heart those bell tones fell like  
Stones thrown by a hand whose well remembered clasp  
Had warmed my heart and life with thoughts akin to those of  
wife.

Cammillo, whose life was mine by all the holy vows of heaven;  
Cammillo, whose life was given me to save  
From Jackaldo's jealousy, and the grave;  
Cammillo had forgotten all; and now could call  
Another woman "Sweetheart," "Wife."

Cammillo, too, like Fate, had glassed the image of love in  
My heart, and cast  
The substance of despair at last!

So, Adieu, Americanos, and may the hosannas  
Of angels around Jehovah's great white throne  
Greet the forsaken of earth whose fore-ordained birth  
Predestined them the sorrows of Dolores Alone.

St. Louis, Mo., February 26, 1902.

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### THE POLLARD PLEDGE.

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In the St. Louis Police Court a drunkard one day,  
Stood pleading for Judge Pollard to grant him a stay  
Of sentence to the rock pile; promising that he would  
Go home, sober up, and to his wife and children be good.  
And the drunkard said: "Your Honor, I know  
I haven't a ghost of a reason, now, to show  
Why you shouldn't send me down to-day,  
Only you can't reform me from drink that way!"  
Then the Judge spoke to him kindly and asked him there:  
"John, how many times have you promised to care  
For your wife and children and to let whiskey alone  
And for all your drunken deeds atone?"  
"Alas, many times—for let me say, your Honor, I wed  
A girl of good family, fine face, and well bred;  
And she married me because she loved me the best  
Out of scores of rich men as they have confessed;  
And I was a pretty good man, you can bet, just then,  
And in business or sport held my own with all men.  
I was a total abstainer and a man of good parts;  
Owned a mine, fine houses, horses, and family carts—  
All the comforts of home—and I was the constant delight  
Of my customers by day and my folks at night.  
Then I got into politics and in that way I blew in  
A large share of my coin for whiskey and gin;  
And so on down, down, through all stages I sunk  
From one 'nip'-a-day sober, to a whole month, drunk.  
But through it all, Judge, I do solemnly swear  
That I prayed the good Lord to watch over and care  
For my sweet wife and children and to help me to save

Myself from the curse of a drunkard's grave.  
But, alas, there came a day when a Judge of our town  
Thought he would reform me; so he sent me down.  
But not harder the hammer nor the stones it broke  
Than the hate in my bosom that sentence awoke.  
Hate that calloused my soul for heaven or prayer  
And hardened all sense of duty or care.  
A mortgage on my house was "Shylocked" and sold;  
And my poor wife and children turned out in the cold.  
But had I been there they had not been sent  
To the poor house for lack of any food or rent.  
Yes, drunkard as I am now I was not then bereft  
Of all sense of duty; and I had some feeling left  
For my loyal little children and ever faithful wife—  
For whom, tho I could not give up drink, I would my life!  
That's how I found things when I had served my term; and then  
I got busy and soon had my dear ones together again.  
Then the drink demon got me in its clutches once more—  
But don't send me down, Judge, I entreat! I implore!  
For the sake of the little ones and my wife—out there—  
Call her up, Judge, and ask her. I'm sure she'll declare  
That when I am sober I show her love and respect—  
And never the wants of my children neglect."  
Then a sweet little woman came forward and said:  
"Your Honor, John's a terror when he's out of his head:  
He's a bad man in his cups, but when sober he shows  
The true love of his heart for us all. Sure God knows  
We all love him for his good ways and for what he has been—  
Oh if we only could save him from whiskey and gin?"  
Then the poor woman broke down and wept aloud,  
While the silence of death fell on Court room and crowd.  
And there, in that sad presence of sorrow and shame,  
A new pledge was born in humanity's name—  
A pledge that shall be uttered, applauded and retold  
As long as man lives and the ages unfold.  
The Judge called the man to him and said: "My friend,  
Your abuse of the law you may not defend.  
This Court was created by the City to enforce  
Her laws upon all and in due course;  
And any one who does not those laws obey  
Must sooner or later the penalty pay.  
But this Court may suggest, and by another plan,  
Temper Justice with Mercy to the type of man

You seem to be, and thereby help to save  
A citizen from going to a drunkard's grave.  
Now, I will give you a chance to prove whether or not  
You are a man of your word or a helpless sot.  
Here's an Honor Pledge which reads: 'Be it known  
That for one year I promise to let liquor alone;  
That once a week I will call at the house of this Court  
And on my own word of honor there make my report;  
That this pledge shall operate in lieu of my fine,  
And be good for one year from the day I sign;  
That should I the conditions of this pledge neglect,  
The fine, hereby stayed, would go into effect;  
That should I, for said year, prove of good report  
I would be deemed a man of my word by this Court.'  
Now, John, sign this pledge and your fine I will stay.  
Come, speak up, be quick, what have you to say?"  
John looked at the Judge, amazed, and afraid;  
For that appeal to his word of honor had made  
An impression on his heart, and soul, and mind,  
Of a something he had lost and could not find.  
Then, as a drowning man in one minute may see  
Every scene in his whole life's history,  
So, in his mind, a series of motion pictures did unroll,  
Showing him the demon that controlled his soul.  
And that demon seemed real, for John heard it say,  
"Ho, ho, ho, what is honor to you anyway?  
Ho, ho, ho, you are mine and your will I deny:  
Ho, ho, ho, your good resolutions I defy:  
Ho, ho, ho, you are mine and shall be till you die!"  
And the demon seemed real, for John smelled its foul breath  
And saw it smile as it said: "Mine, mine, until death!"  
The agony of a great fear possessed John now;  
And great drops of cold sweat broke out on his brow;  
And he crouched and bent low as if under the weight  
Of the demon pressing him down to a drunkard's fate.  
But look, John seems now to be resisting the demon there  
And wrestling away from the folds of his own despair—  
He is now listening and heeding his dead mother's voice,  
Beseeching him to battle with the demon and to rejoice.  
"Look up, my son, look up!" he is hearing her say;  
"Awake, look up; and conquer the demon of rum today!"  
Then he did look up and instantly the demon fled the place.  
Now, John, erect, is looking into his angel mother's face;



The music of her gentle voice is in his memory ringing,  
And once again he hears her clearly, sweetly singing,

(Organ music and voice heard in the distance.)

"Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,  
That calls me from a world of care,  
And bids me at my Father's throne  
Make all my cares and wishes known;  
In seasons of distress and grief,  
My soul has often found relief,  
And oft escaped the tempter's snare  
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer,  
And oft escaped the tempter's snare  
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer."

(Music and voices off.)

Then the Judge awoke him from his vision of rum—  
"John, what have you to say, will you sign, are you dumb?"  
"Sign? Why God bless you, yes. Gee, but my hand's unsteady:  
There I've signed. Judge, I'm feeling better already."  
And there in that Court on that sad, dreary morn  
A new Declaration of Independence was born.  
And that signer lived up to its principle so well.  
That the joys of his people no tongue can tell.  
And there in that Court, we do hereby allege—  
The Birth of the magical Pollard Pledge



### THE RED SWAN

Long years ago before Illinois was known to the world as a  
state,  
The first Indian chieftain, Chicaque, as an avenger, had no  
mate;  
But the Second chieftain, Chicaque, slew his enemy, the  
Iroquois,  
By an alliance with the Missouris and their love for Illinois.  
But now they are chiefly remembered through Chicago, U.  
S. A.  
Yes, in those days, the famous Chicaques were the heroes of  
poem and play;  
Long years ago before Missouri, as a state, by the world was  
known,  
There lived a quaint Nudarchan chief who always had to be  
shown:  
He loved to plow in his primitive way, and to plant, and to  
increase  
The fruits of a pastoral life in his tribe, and the love of free-  
dom and peace.  
Yet, because of his love for a beautiful squaw of the tribe of  
the Illinois,  
Nudarcha shot his deadly arrows into the tribe of the Iroquois.  
Now, the Illinois squaw loved Nudarcha, but balked at his  
tribal name;  
And she vowed that she never would marry him until he had  
changed the same.  
So, the Illinois and the Nudarchas held a pow-wow, and, in  
the style of Indian juries,  
They sealed Nudarcha to his squaw, and named them the  
Missouris.  
Then back to the Ozark mountains Nudarcha by honeymoon  
stages hied,  
And out of a forest of red oak trees he built a wigwam for  
his bride;  
Built it far up on the top of Red Mountain, just below its gentle  
breast,  
Where the up slope broke to the plain and forms a splendid  
spot to rest.  
There the trails branched around on the shoulders of the  
mountain to the other side, and led

Over backbone and neck to the very top of Red Mountain's  
bald old head.  
And there in that quaint Red Mountain rest one rosy summer's  
morn,  
A sweet little wild Indian baby girl unto the Missouris was  
born.  
And Nudarcha and Missouri sensed the glory of that happy  
day's holy dawn;  
And they prized the papoose as the heir of their blood, and  
they named her The Red Swan.  
Meanwhile the Red Swan grew apace, the wonder and pride  
of her tribal race.  
Nor redder the red blood in her heart's red core than the color  
of dress and moccasins she wore.  
Astride of her steed of Indian breed she would leap into rivers,  
and swam them, too,  
Jump brush heaps and gullies wide as hounded elk or wild  
deer do.  
Oh! she was the idol of the Missouris; and it rejoiced them  
all to see  
Her ride up Red Mountain unto its top with the swiftness of  
a bee.  
But more they loved to have her come and sing Indian songs  
to the beat of the drum,  
Or dance, Indian fashion, their camp fires around, to the clang  
of the gong and the pound on the ground  
Often their tepees she would visit to foster and care for the  
sick papoose, and all their joys and sorrows share.  
Strange bead work she taught them, and to spin and to weave,  
and all their common wants relieve.  
A simple child of nature, ignorant of creed or laws,  
Her rosarie a red circle of savage bucks and squaws.  
Yet Saxon princess, German countess, United States belle, and  
Colleen Bawn  
Would applaud the womanly virtues of the North American  
Red Swan.  
Now the Red Swan had heard of Chicaque the Second, and re-  
port had made her wise,  
Regarding his prowess, his noble stature, handsome face and  
eagle eyes.  
And Chicaque the Second likewise had heard of the Red Swan's  
wondrous beauty,

Her marvellous feats on horseback, and her love of home and duty.  
And lo! from the lakes to the Mississippi, Chicaque and his tribe  
canoeed their way;  
Thence on swift horse to the Ozarks, where they found in  
grand array  
Chief Nudarcha and the Missouris, unto whom Chicaque told  
the story  
Of the Illinois war with the Iroquois, and of his father's fame  
and glory.  
But, even as he spake, Chicaque heard a voice—a voice that  
made him pause—  
For why he could not tell, but soon, amazed, he found the  
cause.  
Nudarcha lifted the tent flap, and behold, before them stood  
The Red Swan, innocent of Indian blanket, gown or hood,  
But bewrapped from neck to ankle in woven folds of lustrous  
red;  
A band of feathers, red, white and blue, around her beautiful  
head.  
Her cheeks aglow and her eyes ashine, like stars through the  
forest shade,  
She stood before Chicaque the Second, unsurprised and unafraid.  
Then at her feet Chicaque fell, and hiding his eyes from hers,  
he cried:  
"If, now, the Red Swan of the Missouris in her beauty, glory  
and pride,  
Will honor Chicaque of the Illinois, and consent to be his bride,  
Then will he lift his eye to hers, that they may unfold his soul  
and show  
That he loves the Red Swan with the truest love that love ever  
caused his heart to know."  
"I have prayed the Great Spirit," the Red Swan made reply,  
"To give unto the Missouris the far-seeing eye,  
The wise-hearing ear, and the understanding heart,  
And unto them the love of peace to impart.  
And now thou dost come to make naught my prayer,  
And, by alliance, compel us to share  
Thy deeds of blood upon the Iroquois.  
Hearken, Chicaque, and thou dost not smoke the pipe of peace,  
The honor of thy favors must this day cease."  
"Alas! my Red Swan," spake Chicaque, "I am bound by my  
tribal vow,

If ever I smoke the Pipe of Peace, or work the ground with hoe  
or plough,  
Until with thy tribe as my ally, I shall have conquered the  
Iroquois,  
And buckled their scalps as the trophies of war on the black  
belts of the Illinois.  
Then shall I ride before my tribe a traitor, self-confessed,  
And out of my mouth command my braves to shoot their  
arrows through my breast.

"Nay, Chicaque, arise and set thy face  
Back to the glories of thine own proud race.  
The Red Swan hath but charmed thine eyes,  
Thy soul she loves. In paradise  
The all great Spirit may bring us both  
To know the joys of love's true oath.  
But now such love thou canst not give,  
So hasten hence, and love and live  
Among thy people. From dusk to dawn  
Thou wouldn't ever be unhappy with the Red Swan."

Then Chicaque arose, and with strange, savage glee  
Shouted: "Then I will conquer the Missouri and thee!"  
Then angrily he mounted his horse and away  
To summon his warriors for the bloody affray.

"Up! up! my braves! To arms! The Missouri would destroy  
All hope of love or alliance with our tribe, the Illinois.  
So, with every breath you draw today, an arrow you must start  
That shall not fail to reach and pierce a Missouri to the heart.  
Now draw your bows, and your tomahawks swing; with every  
breath  
And let each twang and clang proclaim a foe gone to his death."

But lo, or ere his savage bucks their giant bows had drawn,  
At the front of the Missouri he beheld the Red Swan.  
Chicaque checked his warriors and unto them loudly cried:

"For her I have lived and far rather had died  
Than have lived to see the Red Swan opposing me.  
Withhold thine arrows a little spell—I have loved her well;  
Unstring thy bows awhile and rest,  
We may not shoot our arrows at a woman's breast.  
Nay, we are of the Illinois, and not so inhuman

As to use our tomahawks on a woman."

Then the Red Swan rode her horse out into the clear,  
And shouted that all the tribes might hear:

"Lo! here and now, I challenge thee, Chicaque, on any horse  
of thine,

Three times around Red Mountain, 'gainst this good horse of  
mine.

Three times around, thence up the slope, and around the turn,  
nor rest,

But on and up, to the very top of Red Mountain's bald old  
crest.

And the one who gains that mountain top the first shall wave  
his flag and say;

Whether the Missouris and the Illinois shall have peace or war  
today.

Take, then, thy flag of black, Chicaque,

My flag of white the tribes all know,

Now may the Great Spirit keep us from harm,

I am ready, Chicaque, Go!"

Into Chicaque's heart there leaped hope and joy,  
As he sprang to horse and sped forth for the Illinois.

Like honey bees winging their hive, they chase

Each the other around the mountain's base.

The first circle completing, face to face;

The second, like the lightning, Chicaque has won;

The third, neck and neck, and now they wheel for the run

Up the mountain, to where he who wins may declare

For the glories of peace or the horrors of war.

Up cow-path, and bridle-path, through thicket and mead;

Like hounds on the scent of wild game they speed,

Nor take heed of aught save the end of the plain

Where he who turns first, the race may gain.

Now the trails lead apart, forcing rider from rider,

And the distance between them grows wider and wider.

Yet higher and higher they climb; and now higher and higher

They come together again, neck and neck, and each flyer

Holds the flag of his tribe tight while nearing the test,

Where the trails run around, and up to the mountain's crest.

Now they are thundering along, and now at the turn they wheel  
left and right,

Around the shoulder of the mountain, and vanish from sight.  
Not tenser an orchestra's strings keyed to high pitch  
Than the nerves of the tribes straining and craning and wonder-  
ing which—

On which the luck racer whose flag shall first rise,  
As a joy or a curse on their upturned eyes.  
"Whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will," yell the  
Illinois,

Their contempt for the Missouris showing:  
And 'oo-oo-oo, oo-oo, oo-oo-oo-oo-oo," like Shanghai roosters  
proudly strutting and crowing.

"To-whoo, to-whoo, to-whoo," howl the Missouri owls, all sense  
of danger tabooing;

Yet caw, caw, cawing as wild crows do caw, when a heavy storm  
is brewing.

But look! like a swift flash of light through the clouds at dawn,  
The white flag rises first, and the winner—the Red Swan.  
Then Chicaque galloped down, and before his tribe said to them,  
face to face,

"I now must break my tribal vow, or, deny Red Swan the race."  
"That I will not do. Lo! here I stand a traitor, self-confessed,  
And out of my mouth I now command thy arrows through my  
breast."

They strung their bows with savage haste, but the Red Swan  
galloped upon the scene,  
And bade them hold their arrows, as she stood the space be-  
tween.

"Chicaque, thou shalt not break thy vow, nor lose thy life for  
me,  
Here before our tribes I now unfold my heart's true love for  
thee.

The Missouris will follow the Illinois over the Father of Waters  
and the Lakes afar;

Thy firm and faithful friends in peace, thy strong allies in war."

Then an arrow struck Chicaque's breast, but not from his  
warriors, now dazed and stupid.

The shaft that pierced him to the heart was from the bow of  
Cupid.

The Illinois unstrung their bows, delighted and satisfied.  
All hailed Chicaque, their loyal chief, and Red Swan his true  
bride.

## A GAME CALLED "GUESS ME OUT."

### PROLOGUE:

It was on the ship St. Louis one night,  
On her way home with as gay and bright  
An array of Uncle Sam's sons and daughters  
As ever sailed o'er the briny waters—  
Americans all who lived on earth  
To make life worth the living—  
Giving and forgiving—swap clocks,  
Song or story—  
Love country and home, and fight for "Old Glory."  
There were Vassar girls, college boys, belles and beaux  
From all the States, and the sequel shows  
A mystical maid from a land whose sun  
Shines not in the soul of every one.  
That night, the ship rang with laughter and shout  
O'er a game, the girls called, "Guess Me Out,"  
Which taxes the foolish, the witty and the wise  
To enact or guess what the story implies—  
Merchants, friends, stranger—all jokingly tried  
To guess each other out: and politely pried  
(Through well acted plots), into each other's ambitions,  
Or positions in life: such were the conditions,  
When the beautiful, mystical women revealed  
Herself, and yet remained concealed.

(Music—A few introductory chords.)

### Scene I.

I'm a worker in this world of ours,  
Invaluable when justly used,  
Yet by good people of every creed  
Most terribly abused.  
I'll tell you what I do and then to help you "Guess Me Out"  
I'll show you when and where and what my work is all about.  
Oft at night I'm seen a-begging midst the wretches of the town,  
Only to wake at early sunrise  
In satin slippers and silken gown,  
Night comes apace



## Music (Waltz).

Again as queen of gambling dens I sin,  
Yet all the world of fashion, on the morrow, takes me in.  
Yes, though all the world abhors and shrinks  
At my treachery and deceit,  
Yet that same world upholds and showers trophies at my feet.  
All my griefs, my sins, my joys I hide,  
Yet hide in vain.  
For the eyes of countless watchers  
Bring my deeds to light again.  
Aye, every hidden intrigue,  
Nameless deed, and siren wiles,  
But blesses and enshrines me  
With the world's approving smiles.

Anon I cry in agony with very loathing of my life  
Find riches, splendor, palaces, a curse—  
A bitter strife.  
Aye, midst the inner temples built of amethyst and pearl  
My heart cries oft for the farmer lad  
I loved when a peasant girl—  
Yes, I, that poor plebeian girl—  
Now married to a king,  
Conspire to make him loathe me,  
His court to ruin bring—  
I coquette with Sir Rudolph,  
Great Prime Minister of State,  
And within my secret chamber  
Plan the King's swift certain fate.  
Swiftly and noiselessly as a Borgia  
With sure poisonous intent,  
I creep to my husband's chamber  
On my murderous errand bent—  
Heaven see not the deed I do.  
Fate laugh, and devils grin,  
The King is dead—  
And by my hand.  
Lo—a murderess—queen of sin.  
Hark! 'tis the alarm bell!  
Come, black spirits of murder all my  
Acts, and deeds so drape,  
That yon dead King's avengers

I forever may escape.  
Hark! Thunder! E'en nature is shocked  
And revolts at the sight  
Of a murderess! doomed.  
Look! swift whirling meteors, supernaturally bright  
Vividly belting the night with ribbons of light.  
Bah! Not so, 'tis my cowardly heart  
Hammering sparks from my brain!  
Conscience, avaunt!  
Queen of a dead King, live and reign.

### Scene II.

So I lure my conscience back to rest.  
And wed the dead King's brother—  
Flirt with the Duke De Kouqergay, yet secretly  
Love another. Exposed at last, I escape,  
And now in many disguises travel,  
Striving with body, mind and soul, life's mysteries to unravel.

I sport with detectives and cover my track  
By magic of speech and of pen; and  
Delight to crush, in my serpentine coils, the mighty conceits  
Of men, I marry again and again  
And rejoice; but I bury them all to my sorrow;  
In fact, I may marry a husband today  
And bury a lover tomorrow.  
As a gypsy, I wander, and freak loving  
Throngs, respond with bright gold for my dances  
And songs: To the castanet's clack and wild music  
I whirl, or charm with the songs of a Tyrolese girl.  
And now on my fleet-footed steed  
I go racing, leaping hedges and ditches—  
Yoix, Tally ho! foxes chasing:  
Now, I am challenged for the lead  
And I give my filly full rein—  
Away we dash past them all  
O'er hill, valley, plain:  
My saddle girth breaks,  
Yet with horse at full speed  
I cut loose the old saddle  
And on his bare back keep the 'lead—

My blood is afire—  
All impulse?—Well, yes—  
On my steed's back I stand  
And ride a la circus in a style simply grand.  
Now behold me transformed  
To a wench black as night,  
Jigging Dan Tucker by the moon's silvery light—  
Then presto—I'm waltzing,  
As a beautiful fair Caucasian pet,  
And with old F. F. V's dance a la minuet.

### Scene III.

Now, retribution overtakes me,  
Light leaves me—I'm blind,  
And I grope in the dark  
With a sin-haunted mind,  
I'm blind, yet I see—  
The King's skull I see—  
From his eyeless sockets two snakes are uncoiling,  
Their tongues like forked lightning  
Through tumultuous black skies are darting,  
Death stalks through my guilt-quivering soul.  
Down, down through perdition's torments I fall,  
Nor angels nor devils take heed to my call.  
Help, God of my fathers! and lo! O strange,  
O marvelous transition—  
Behold me a chaste God-fearing wife  
With an humble disposition.

### Scene IV.

Again I am changed to a Roman Vestal  
Deeply in love with ancient lore,  
Treading the paths Rome's Virgins trod  
In the Vestal days of yore.  
Me passionless? Yes  
Cleopatra turned Saint?  
Well, no.—Though Cleopatra turned to clay,  
Still, may form the shrine of a soul divine  
In the light of the judgment day.  
But I'm free from Cleopatra's spirit;  
Vesta, Vesta, now rules my soul:  
And while her lamp shines round

Naught of evil can control.  
Now I would rather at Vesta's altar worship,  
And feed the sacred fires,  
Than conquer a world of mighty Kings  
Through force of arms or base desires:  
For, as yon moon o'er wastes of waters  
Throws her broad-pathed light sublime,  
So, virtue, in a Roman maiden,  
Shines across the tracks of time.

### Scene V.

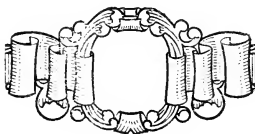
Theosophist you guess me? No. Clairvoyant? No.—No,  
Greater far—thought every night my flesh and spirit  
Engage in delusive war.  
Swift changes o'er my being  
Come each night twixt eight and eleven,  
In which I feel the pangs of hades  
Or taste the joys of heaven.  
Honored fathers and sainted mothers  
Oft have blessed me with sweet praise,  
That from bad to safer channels I had turned  
Their children's ways.

Yet brave sons and noble daughters  
By my wondrous life enchanted,  
Rashly seek my ways to follow,  
Self-opinioned and undaunted:  
But, alas! disaster follows,  
For, where "the few" may reach the goal,  
"The many," alas, fall by the way-side,  
Hurt in body, mind and soul.  
Such is the life of the woman you see,  
And such is her work:  
And I think you'll agree that  
In solving the passions which save or destroy,  
A woman's whole life should be free from alloy,  
And so, I am a worker in this world of ours,  
Invaluable when justly used,  
Yet, by good people of every creed  
Most terribly abused.

And, now, that all may judge of my work,  
And truly every fact guess,  
Permit me to introduce myself,  
Dear friends, I am—an "Actress."

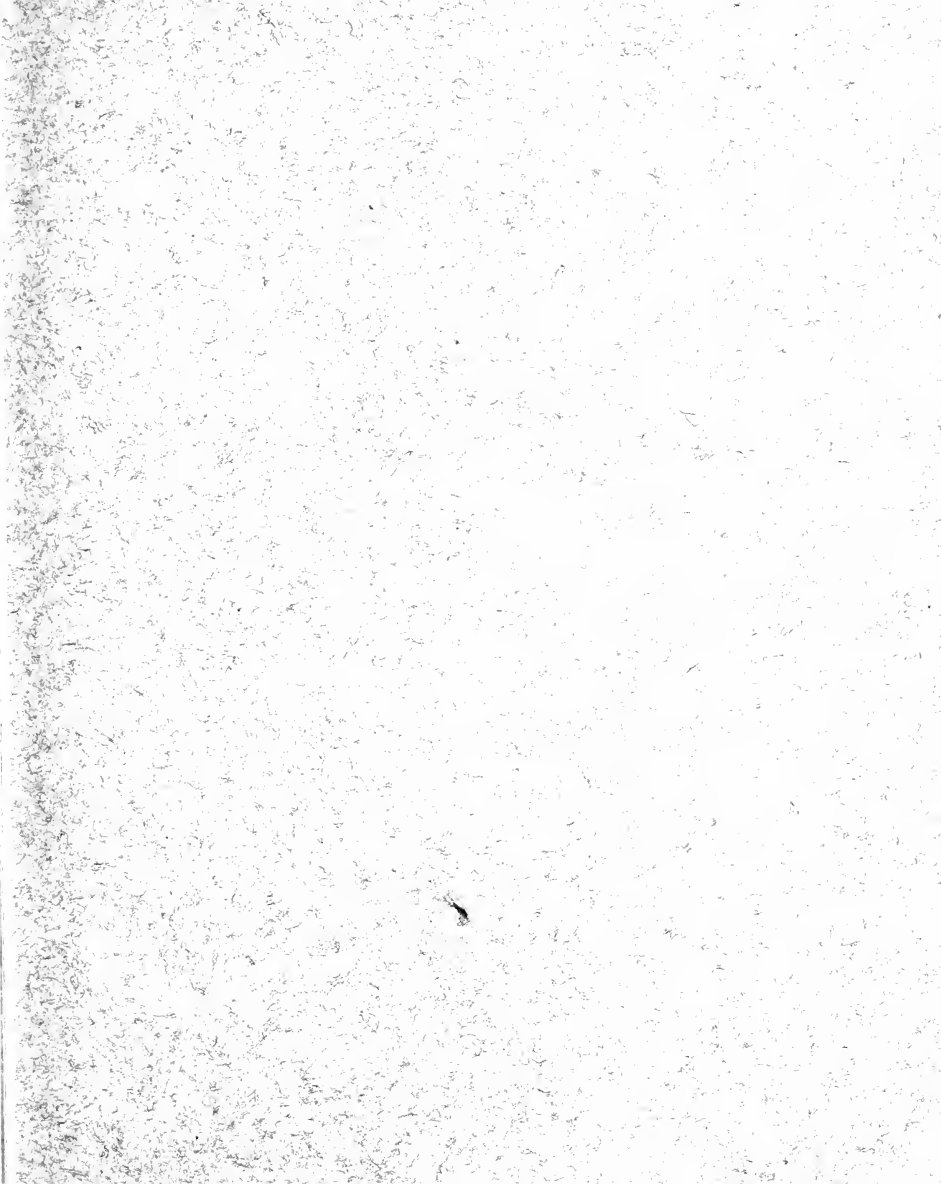
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